

The SUFFOLK Miracle.

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A Relation of a young Man, who, a Month after his Death, appeared to his Sweetheart, and carried her behind him Forty Miles in less than Two Hours, and was never seen afterwards, but in his Grave.



A Wonder stranger ne'er was known,
Than which I now shall treat upon.
In Suffolk there did lately dwell
A farmer rich, and known full well.

He had a daughter fair and bright,
In whom he plac'd his chief delight:
Her beauty was beyond compare,
She was both virtuous and fair.

There was a young man lived by,
Who was so charmed with her eye,
That he could never be at rest,
He was with love so much oppress'd.

He made address to her, and she
Did grant him love immediately;
But when her father came to hear,
He parted her and her poor dear.

Forty miles distant was she sent,
Unto his brother's, with intent,
That she should there so long remain,
'Till she had chang'd her mind again.

Hereat this young man greatly griev'd;
But knew not how to be reliev'd:
He sigh'd and sobb'd continually,
That he could not his true love see.

She by no means could to him send,
Who was her heart's espoused friend.
He sigh'd, he griev'd, but all in vain;
For she confin'd must still remain.

He mourn'd so much, that doctors art
Could give no ease unto his heart;
He was so strangely terrify'd,
That in short time for love he dy'd.

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She that from him was sent away,
Knew nothing of his dying day;
But constant still she did remain,
And lov'd the dead, altho' in vain.

After he had i'th' grave been laid
A month or more, unto this maid
He came i'th' middle of the night,
Who joy'd to see her heart's delight.

Her father's horse, which well she knew,
Her mother's hood, and nightrail too,
He brought with him, to testify
Her parents orders he came by.

Which, when her uncle understood,
He hop'd it would be for her good:
And gave consent to her straitway,
That with him she should come away.

When she was got her love behind,
They pass'd as swift as any wind,
That in two hours or little more,
He brought her to her father's door.

But as they did this great haste make,
He then complain'd his head did ache;
Her handkerchief she then took out,
And ty'd the same his head about.

And now unto him she did say,
Thou art as cold as any clay;
When we come home a fire we'll have;
But little dream'd he went to the grave.

Quick were they at her father's door,
And after she ne'er saw him more:
I'll set the horse up, then he said,
And there he left this harmless maid.

She knock'd, and strait a man he cry'd,
Who's there? 'Tis I, she then reply'd;
Who wonder'd much her voice to hear,
And was possess'd with dread and fear.

Her father he did tell, and then
He star'd like an affrighted man:
Down stairs he ran, and when he see her,
Cry'd out, My child, how cam'st thou here?

Pay Sir, did you not send for me,
By such a messenger, said she?
Which made his hair stand on his head,
As knowing well that he was dead.

Where is he? then to her he said,
He's in the stable, quoth the maid.
Go in, said he, and go to bed,
I'll see the horse well littered.

He star'd about, and there could he,
No shape of any mankind see;
But found his horse all in a sweat,
Which put him in a deadly fret.

His daughter he said nothing to,
Nor none else, tho' full well he knew,
That he was dead a month before,
For fear of grieving her full sore.

Her father to the father went
Of the deceas'd, with full intent,
To tell him what his daughter said,
So both came back unto the maid.

They ask'd her, and she soon did say,
'Twas he that then brought her away.
Which when they heard they were amaz'd,
And on each other strangely gaz'd.

A handkerchief she said she ty'd
About his head, and that they try'd:
The sexton they did speak unto,
That he the grave would then undo.
Affrighted then they did behold
His body turning into mold,
And tho' he had a month been dead,
This handkerchief was about his head.

This thing unto her then they told,
And the whole truth they did unfold:
She was thereat so terrify'd,
And grieved, that she quickly dy'd.

Part not true love, ye rich men then,
But if they be right honest men
Your daughters love, give them away,
For force oft breeds their lives decay.